



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1803.

THE SHRUBBERY—A TALE.

[Concluded from Page 78.]

OUR voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coasted every island, looked into every bay. Each stroke of the oar pointed out new beauties and inspired new ideas. The spirit of pleasure left a second of vacancy, and evening had shadowed them with her last and deep shade before they landed.

Then Melmoth retired to his chamber reviewed the little incidents of the past the exquisite sensibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-book and found on a slip of paper, the following

THE BLACKBIRDS :

AN ELEGY.

SPRING had return'd and nature smil'd,
Verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
The air was compos'd, serene, and mild,
And notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.

There then a Blackbird and his mate
In a seringo built their nest,
The patient hen assiduous sat,
With trembling wings and heaving breast.

So chirpers soon reward their care,
The pledges of their mutual love ;
The pleasing task the parents share,
And range for food the blossom'd grove.

Turning through a shrubby mead,
The gentle pair, with anguish saw
Their little ones expiring bleed,
Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.

Alas ! they feebly flutter'd round,
In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
To the sweet pathetic sound
The plund'rer still retain'd her prey.

"Woe ! whither shall we fly ?
Life has no value now," they sung ;
"We'll melt the murd'rer's heart, and die
With wings stretch'd fondly o'er our young."

When he had finished, he thought some-
thing was still wanting ;—he had not paid a
tribute to Julia. He cut his pencil

again and again, but it would not do ; the
string was too fine to touch upon. He went
to bed in despair.

In the morning when he took his leave,
he presented the paper to Julia. She read
the title, and put it, with a smile, into her
bosom. But the smile betray'd a secret she
wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear
down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy !—inspirers
of all the soft affections, of all that is beau-
tiful in feeling, and elevated in thought ! ye
alone can tell, ye, who can awake such thrill-
ing harmony from that sweet instrument the
human soul, what fine, what exquisitely fine
cement unites congenial natures, what mag-
netic principle operates upon them.

It was not until three years after, when
Melmoth returned from making a tour of
Europe, that he had an opportunity of re-
visiting his friends. He had written to them
several times on his travels, but had never
received any answer, and he concluded that
his letters had miscarried.

Interesting as were all the various scenes
which had passed under his eye during that
interval, they had not once diverted his
thoughts from the beloved subject of their
contemplation : Julia mingled in every
idea ;—he had passions, sighs, sentiments,
and sensations only for Julia. As soon as
he arrived in London, he obtained his father's
consent to ask her hand, and instantly
set off for Westmoreland.

It was towards the close of the third day
when he reached the borders of the lake,
and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to
the bye-path, intending to walk up to the
house through the shrubbery that he might
surprise them the more agreeably.

When he opened the wicket, he was pre-
sented with a scene embellished with all the
beauties of spring. The lilac was in full
bloom, and the laburnum dropped its golden
clusters in a grand profusion ; while the
softer blossoms of the apple and the almond
appeared above the rest, and were finely re-
lieved by the fresh verdure of their foliage.

Melmoth recognized every object with the
feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub
recalled to his mind the ideas they had in-
spired when he first walked under their

shade ; and he bade them welcome with as
much ardour as if they had been animate.
He looked down, as he passed, at the bench
on which he sat when the voice of his Julia
first broke upon his ear ; and his heart ex-
ulted as he looked. But his impatience
would not suffer him to indulge the idea.
He had a thousand things to say, a thousand
little incidents which he had treasured up in
his memory to talk of. Every minute seem-
ed an age which did not bring the interview
along with it, and he quickened his pace at
every step.

When he came to the house, he found a
servant sitting in the porch, and he inquired
eagerly if Mr. Hartop were within ; " No,
sir," she replied, " he is just gone to speak
over his daughter's grave ;" his daughter's
grave ! interrupted Melmoth in a faltering
voice. " Miss Julia's, sir, she died last
week of a consumption. That gate opens
into the church-yard."

Melmoth felt the intelligence in every
nerve. It was the cold point of a dagger at
his heart. He did not utter a word in reply,
his feelings would not let him ; he stood
motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy,
and lost in sensations which harrowed up his
soul. All the fond hopes he had cherished
so long, were now extinguished, and in the
very moment when he expected their com-
pletion. He walked up to the gate, but he
could not open it ; it led to a scene which
he knew would quite unman him—he let
the latch fall, and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded—it was
an interval of patience, humility, and hope—
but it was short. The frenzy of his soul re-
turned—he burst the gate open and rushed
violently through.

As he hurried along the path that winded
among the tomb-stones, his eyes looked
round involuntary for the objects on which
they most dreaded to fix ; and soon found
them. A number of mourners had ranged
themselves in a circle round a grave on one
side. It was an interesting group, and Mel-
moth drew near to examine the weeping fi-
gures that composed it. They were villa-
gers whose families Julia had been enabled
by her father to keep from want, and who
had asked leave to pay this last tribute of

gratitude to her memory. Mr. Hartop stood advanced a few steps before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand.

There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness—except now and then when a tear stole down his cheek and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man struggling with adversity, and rising amidst all its efforts to depress him, is an object on which angels may look down with delight, and which the Divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave and looked eagerly in; the frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton; who was preparing to throw the earth into it; & he stood fixed in silent astonishment with his foot lifted up on his spade.

Melmoth kept bending over with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin.—Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—he had seen her walk—her eyes, now for ever closed, beam with benevolence and love; and who could not have interpreted their language!—they had once conversed tenderly with his. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten paces when his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look. It was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more; for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment,—he looked wistfully at the man a moment, but had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was turned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked.

In his return to the parsonage house he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to inquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so strongly affected him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been confined the year before by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her in a decline.

When Melmoth came up to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades which she rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object, he felt her at every step, at every instant he heard her well known voice

“Sweet as the Shepherd’s pipe upon the hills.”

In every wood-scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat on every bench, and stood listening beside every waterfall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feelings, and he threw himself on a seat to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul.

He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops.—To have delayed an alliance even for a moment with virtue, should have shown him unworthy of it; but to go abroad, to linger so long in a foreign country, to seek the society of strangers, while Julia was alive—betrayed such insensibility that he could never forgive himself.

He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eyes towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed his name cut on its bark. Julia did not forget him, though he deserted Julia.—The idea of his having wronged her was more than he could bear—every bitter feeling revolted at it. He took out his pen-knife, and wiping away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut Julia Hartop close under his name.

“This tree,” said he, “shall not bear such a memorial of her affection without an accompanying one of mine.” By the time that he had finished, he had acquired some degree of composure, and ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door he found it open, and stepped into the hall. He waited a few minutes for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come; and, after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning on his hand, with his eye cast down, in the attitude of meditation.—The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensation he then felt.—When he looked round on the furniture, and saw every chair and table, every flower-piece and drawing, just in the places he had left them, Julia entered his bosom, and touched at a thousand points; he trembled, and would have given the world to go back.

He made an effort to speak, but the words he would have uttered died on his lips.—Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came.—“You are come, sir,” said he, “to a house of mourning; but, I hope, you will not repent your visit: the obligation it confers is deeply felt. I have suffered severely in my family since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter, and such a daughter;”—he paused.—“I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such meekness did

the dear lamb bear all;”—he paused again—nature melted within him at the thought; revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes.

“But I am not without consolation,” added, pointing with a triumphant action the hand to a bible, that lay open on the table, “I am not without hope. That he assures me we shall meet again—meet in a better and happier world, never, never to parted.”

He cast a look upward as he said this, silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle-piece, and took down a portrait—the portrait of Julia—presented it to Melmoth. “I was charged,” said he, “to deliver this to you, sir, as the original was no more. She drew herself, a little before she died; and in last moments, she intrusted it with me, her legacy to one, with whom she had wished to be united.”

Melmoth gazed on her miniature with kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature, till imagination gave it life. He saw again that face with its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him he should see more; and he forgot for a moment that he held only the semblance in his hand.

“Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame,

“Forgets one feature of the nymph he loved.”

Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome. His nerve was shaken; and he walked to the window to conceal his emotion: a tear at that instant flew down to pick up the crumbs that had been thrown on the carpet—It was Julia’s.—He burst into tears.

The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe soon broke a constitution which time had already weakened; and when he died, he left his will to Melmoth. He was buried, as he desired, in the same grave with his wife, daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription, marks the spot.

Melmoth immediately returned into active scenes of life. A natural gay temper, and a fine flow of spirits, soon dispelled the gloom which hung over his mind—but the loss he had sustained, was never forgotten—and often, in his brightest moments, when the image of Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade, dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

CONVERSATION.

THE great error in conversation is, the fondness of speaking rather than of hearing. I shew more complaisance than to pretend to be a hearer, intent all the while, upon what themselves have to say, not considering to seek one’s pleasure so passionately, as the way to please others.

FOR THE HIVE.

RULES to be observed by Students who wish to become eminent in either of the learned professions, by JACK-A-DANDY, gentleman at large.

RISE late, it is genteel; wash your face and hands; it is immaterial whether you comb your hair or not, provided the locks which cover the forehead be adjusted; fix your poultice; clap your hat on in style; then stroll to the most public places, so that you may be noticed; and, by inhaling a little fresh air, you will have a good appetite for breakfast.

After breakfast, go to the door; lean against a post; loll upon the bench; whistle or hum a few tunes, &c. You know every labouring man has an hour after meals to dispose of as he pleases;—then why should not you?

When your mind is somewhat composed, walk into your office or study; take up the book that calls aloud for penetration and great strength of mind; read half a page, no more, for fear of overcharging your memory; intense study always proves injurious; shut your book; take a song book out of your pocket; read a verse or two; then return it; stretch yourself; yawn; get up and walk to the door, or, perhaps, pay a visit to some of your friends.

As you saunter along, go into every shop and store you meet; lounge about on the counters; mind every body's business but your own; if they don't like it, it is their own faults; how are you to know whether your company is disagreeable or not, if they don't tell you so? and in the long run you will be benefitted, because you become acquainted with men and manners.

Return in an hour; stand at the door; then hug a post; if you should perceive any person going into your office, step into a neighbor's house until they are gone, for fear you might have something to do;—why should you be troubled without any benefit?

When you observe the coast clear, walk into your office, but don't take off your hat, let who will be there; it would be acknowledging your inferiority; and, moreover, the hat may keep the refined part of your understanding from evaporating, which you may find use for hereafter.

It makes no odds how slovenly you appear, so as your head is borne up in style; it gives you an air of careless negligence, and informs the world that you are not to be led by the opinion of others.

After you have dined, take a walk; praise all the ugly children you meet; as they are so seldom praised, every parent will admire your judgment, and, ultimately, will become your friend.

Return in an hour or two; pick up a newspaper; look at it; it will give you an air of consequence, though you should not understand one word of it;—why should you puzzle your brain with the white cliffs of Albion, Bantry-bay, flat-bottomed boats, and such stuff; it is enough if you know the town in which you live, and a few of the farmers around; lay it aside, in a careless manner, that it may be trampled under feet; then take up Tom Thumb, Giles Gingerbread, or Mother Goose's Tales; for fear of conglomerating your ideas, light reading is best; read half an hour; then go to the door; plume yourself upon your hard studying, and, with an air of consequence, hum some tune.

The remainder of the afternoon must be killed in lounging; you have studied hard; now you ought to indulge yourself with a segar; then visit your neighbors; the whole routine of lolling, hugging, whistling, singing, &c. may be put into practice.

After supper, spend the evening abroad, in any way most agreeable, and, should you come home earlier than usual, you may look at your book, but never overcharge your memory, for fear of injuring your brain;—if you meet with any words that you do not understand, don't search the dictionary; it is too troublesome; read ten or twelve lines, enough to digest for one night, shut your book, and go to bed.

FOR THE HIVE.

Addressed to the LOVERS and PROMOTERS of HORSE-RACING.

IS the love of money to absorb every other consideration? Are the great interests of morality and religion to be put in competition with it? You will doubtless answer, no. Morality and religion are more essentially requisite to the comfort and happiness of a community, than money. Why then, I ask, do you act so inconsistently with your own sentiments, as to encourage a pack of gamblers, (I might, perhaps, say *****) to come amongst us, to drain the simple and unwary of their money, and to batten in the grossest immorality? Because you knew a vast concourse of people, from whom you expected to add a few dollars to your coffers, would as naturally follow, as flies do a carcass. Yes, for a few paltry DOLLARS, idleness, with all her concomitant vices, is let loose amongst us; reason is insulted, and salutary laws disregarded.

The efforts of honest industry and the honorable acquisition of wealth are laudable, and tend to preserve order and harmony in society: But horse-racing, introduces anarchy and confusion; drunkenness and every species of debauchery: The addition to your pecuniary interest, by means of horse-racing, cannot therefore be * * * * * but I leave the conclusion to yourselves.

Interest is your grand principle of action, and if this principle is at variance with religion and morality, they are literally turned out of doors. But in the present instance, I presume you have mistaken your real interests.—Frown, not, my friends,—I am neither a parson nor some antiquated fellow, who would tell you virtue is the chief good, and frighten you with representations of the misery and punishment which await vice.—No, no, I am not so rude as to shock fashionable ears with such salutary doctrine. I would only hint, that money can be of no service to you beyond the narrow precincts of this world; for, if incumbered with a load of dollars, you can neither expect to gain admission into Charon's boat, nor to obtain a passage over the Styx.

Horse-racing, my friends, "is a bad thing for Lancaster; for though "it brings money to the place" the examples of moral depravity which it also brings, may have a very pernicious influence upon the minds of your children. They should see vice as seldom as possible, lest they become too "familiar with her face." Their minds should be fortified against her spacious allurements, so that they embrace her not; for her touch is poison; her breath the contagion of hell; "and her affections dark as Erebus."

D. DUSTY.

Comparison between the Ladies of Paris and those of Amsterdam.

A WOMAN of fortune in France rarely minds any thing but her toilet and her amusements. In Holland the greater the fortune of any family, so much the more is the mistress distinguished as sedentary, vigilant, attentive, that nothing may be out of its place, nothing destroyed, nothing lost. No person even passes before such a house in the streets, or stops or rings at the door, or comes in or goes out, unobserved by the mistress. At Paris a woman of fortune and fashion would be ashamed to be known to pay any attention to her household affairs, or to mind any thing in the world but her music, novels, ball-dresses, jewels, bonnets, laces, and other things belonging to the toilet. At Amsterdam, the higher a woman's family & fortune, so much the more is she studious of history, geography, & foreign languages; so much the better does she sew, knit, spin, mark, and embroider; so much the more skilled is she to pickle and preserve, and to take care of her poultry. Would you see an household, cleanly, orderly and magnificent; servants diligent and honest; clerks steady and discreet; fine children, handsomely clothed, and well educated; a husband and wife living happily together, and in the midst of all, a virtuous woman—go, drink tea with the family of a merchant of Amsterdam.

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POETRY.

THE WEE THING ;—OR,

MARY OF CASTLE-CAREY—A BALLAD.

'SAW ye my wee thing ! Saw ye my ain thing ?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea ?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming ?
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree ?

Her hair, it was lint-white ; her skin it was milk-
white ;
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee' ;
Red, red are her ripe lips ! and sweeter than roses :
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me ?

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea !
But I met my bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

Her hair, it was lint-white ; her skin it was milk-
white ;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee' ;
Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me !

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree ;
Proud is her leel heart ! modest her nature !
She never loo'd ony, 'till ance she loo'd me.

Her name it is Mary ; she's frae Castle-Carey ;
Aft has she sat, when a bairn on me knee :—
Fair as your face is, ware it fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee !

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Carey ;
It was then your true love I met by the tree :
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me.'

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood red his sheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee' !
'Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your
scorning :

Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Awa wi' beguiling,' cri'd the youth, smiling—
Aft went the bonnet ; the lint-white locks flee ;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee' !

'Is it my wee thing ! Is it mine ain thing ?
Is it my true love here that I see ?
'O Jamie, forgie me ; your heart's constant to me ;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie frae thee !'

AN EPIGRAM—IN POINT.

To JOHN I ow'd great obligation ;
But JOHN, unhappily, thought fit,
To publish it to all the nation ;
Sure JOHN and I are more than quit.

LINES—By W. SHAKESPEARE.

TAKE, Oh ! take, those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes—the break of day—
Lights, that do mislead the morn.

But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, Oh ! hide, those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom wears,
On whose tops the pink's that grow,
Are of those that April bears.

But set, Oh ! set, my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

MORALIST.

THREE GREAT RESTRAINTS.

THERE are three things which restrain men from doing wrong—*Religion, Love of Fame, and Fear of Punishment.*—The religious man will do right for conscience sake :—the man who is engaged in the pursuit of fame will not do wrong, lest it should impede his progress ;—but he who has neither religion nor love of fame, must be restrained, if at all, merely by the fear of punishment ; and even this is often proved to be ineffectual, in all stages of society.—Amongst the barbarians are found crimes of the most ferocious and bloody nature ; whilst in civilized society, cunning, fraud, and deceit, are the principal engines of wickedness. To the savage, who is inured to human torture by his education, corporal punishment has no terror ; and civilized man is hardened in villainy, by the laceration of his body. The plain and obvious course is, to civilize the barbarian, or him who hath *no learning*, by giving him instruction ;—he may then be taught the principles of Christianity—and if after this he offend, confine him to *labour*, to make him industrious, and in solitude to make him think.

DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

TO reverence and honor them ; to esteem and imitate their good qualities ; to alleviate and bear with, and to spread, as much as possible, a decent veil over their faults and weaknesses ; to be highly grateful to them for those favors, which it can hardly ever be in their power fully to repay ; to shew their gratitude by a strict attention to their wants and a solicitous care to supply them ; by a submissive deference to their authority and advice ; by yielding to, rather than contending with, their humors, as remembering how oft they have been persecuted by theirs ; and in fine, by soothing their cares, lightening their sorrows, supporting the infirmities of age, and making the remainder of their life

as comfortable as possible. To pay these honors, and to make these returns, is, according to Plato, to pay the oldest, best, and greatest of debts, next to those we owe our supreme and common parent. They are founded in our nature, and agreeably to the most fundamental laws of *Gratitude, Honor, Justice, Natural Affection, and Piety*, which are interwoven with our very constitution ; nor can we be deficient in them, without casting off that nature, and contradicting those laws.

PARENTS naturally inquire—in what manner shall we educate our children? Shall we train them to habits of industry, knowledge, and virtue—or to idleness, ignorance, and vice? One is the way to wealth, honor, and happiness—the other to poverty, infamy, and misery.—Between these two, no person, of common sense, can hesitate to choose ;—yet how many do we daily see, who can say with truth—*I see the right way, and I approve of it ; yet still I pursue the wrong.*

In the education of children in general, three things are principally to be attended to—*steady family government, common school learning, and regular attendance to public worship.* If any of these three be neglected, the others will be imperfect in their effects.

HUMORIST.

DEAN SWIFT happening to be in company with a petulant and conceited young man, who prided himself in saying pert things, and had often left the retort courteous ; at length got up, and with affectation, said—“ Well, you must know, Mr. Dean, that I *set up for a wit.*” “ Do you then,” replied the other, “ take my advice, and *sit down again.*”

A peevish moralist was lately complaining, that the ladies of the present day, had *red bosoms, red cheeks, and red elbows* ; and indeed, were well *red* it every thing, but in books !

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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